UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The World Do Move

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Community Tree in Germany

By THEODOR HAHN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II. Chapter XIV. By M. K. GANDHI

The Steps of Santa Maria Maggiore

By F. H. PFALTZ

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1926 NUMBER 16

IN REMEMBRANCE: CHRISTMAS, 1926

Lord of himself, a god was he,
As each of us should strive to be.

Daily in wisdom and grace he grew,
As each of us should strive to do.

He lived for others, the world to bless,
As each of us should do no less.

By only love his power he won,
By each of us love's will be done!

—VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

For UNITY.

The happy custom of presenting to a friend, as a Christmas gift, a year's subscription to a magazine, is a growing custom. More and more people are discovering that such a subscription is a most acceptable gift. It means the conjunction of two minds, the sharing of common ideas and ideals, the service together of some great cause of truth and freedom. Furthermore, as a gift, it renews itself from week to week. Fifty-two times in the year the Christmas blessing comes again. What wonder that magazines are extending their subscription lists more widely at the Christmas than at any other one time! UNITY would share what its contemporaries are enjoying. Let every one of our readers give at least one Christmas subscription to a friend this year. What happiness, then, for us all!

There is more hypocrisy to the square inch at Christmas time, probably, than at any other time in the year. Yet how can it be otherwise when such a demand for generosity and goodwill is made suddenly upon men? One would have to be a Gandhi to be able to meet in full sincerity the challenge of this hour. Our very attempt to "brave it through" is a tribute to the wonder of the festival, and a revelation as well of our inadequacy to meet it. The trouble is, of course, that we live during all the rest of the year on a plane so low, comparatively, that the Christmas crisis comes like a demand that we lift ourselves forthwith by our spiritual boot-straps. It can't be done, and, knowing this in a semi-conscious kind of way, we put on a desperate "show" to be more and better than we are, or perhaps can ever hope to be. Aiding and abetting us in this hypocrisy, of course, are the commercial interests of the time. Ask us for a perfect illustration of profanation, of the deliberate degradation of spiritual things, and we will offer you the picture of an ordinary store in the Christmas season. Its a monstrous sight—sure evidence of our incapacity, on the basis of our own spiritual resources, to meet the challenge of the hour. What is needed, if the Christmastide is not to become a season of utter shame, is not the lowering of the standards or expectations of the festival, but a lifting of the whole level of our regular routine existence. We must not drag this one day down, but rather raise the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year up to such a high plane of generous living, that no such discrepancy between Christmas and ordinary days will disclose hypocrisy. Our task must be to do all that we now do at the Yuletide—and *more,* if possible!—but to do it naturally, easily, spontaneously, gladly. This requires discipline—the discipline of days ordered to generosity, dedicated to love, filled with thought and service of other men. It means the acceptance and practice of the Christmas spirit as the spirit of our living all the time. Then every day will be a day of "peace on earth, goodwill toward men," and Christmas but the festive consecration when all our life is dedicated anew to live one for another. Nobody knows on just what day Jesus was born. Why not take and live every day as his possible birthday?

If we thought that President Coolidge had any knowledge of what is going on in his administration, or any real concern for anything but petty trafficking in the business of advancing his own personal political fortunes, we should feel like wreaking a good deal of vengeance on his little head for the Washington bull-dozing of Mexico. As it is, we have to transfer our wrath to the State Department, and even there we find it hard to stir up any great amount of sustained feeling against "Nervous Nelly" in his pottering and puttering with affairs which he no more understands than a school-boy understands a locomotive. But behind these weak and silly figure-heads, somewhere in positions of hidden power, are the men who are responsible for what is going on—namely, the using of the power of the American government for the advancement of their own selfish interests in Mexico. Is there no conscience in America any longer, no public spirit, no idealism, that the people do not rise up in one great wave of wrath against these men? What

right has this country to insist, even to suggest, that Mexico modify its laws on property to suit our investors? What would Washington think if Japan threatened a severance of relations if we didn't modify our immigration laws to suit her emigrants? These laws, against which Secretary Kellogg protests, are laws intended to restore Mexico to Mexicans. They involve no confiscation of property, no denial of basic rights. They simply provide in proper legal ways for the ultimate ending of that foreign ownership of native resources which threatens the very integrity of the republic. That Mexico has a right to pass these laws, no man can question. That she has been moderate in the terms of these laws, every unbiased judge will agree. Yet the business interests behind the State Department make the Secretary talk about withdrawing recognition and even threaten intervention, if the Calles government does not do precisely what we say. We should ourselves welcome withdrawal of recognition, as certain to stiffen Mexico in her great policies, did we not know that such withdrawal would be used as direct incitement to revolution. It is not utterly impossible that this is just what Kellogg and his mentors are after.

The Dyer Anti-Lynching bill is now in order. It certainly is! Nothing so fully explains the encouraging decline of the lynching record in 1924 and 1925 as the menace of this bill as it flashed like a lightning bolt in Congress. The opposition, especially as expressed by southern senators, showed clearly enough the kind of terror which was instilled within their hearts. And this terror of federal intervention undoubtedly spread throughout the south, and for two years Georgia, Mississippi and other centers of barbarism were on their good behavior. If the mere *prospect* of the Anti-Lynching bill could work this transformation, think of what actual legislation itself might have accomplished! Now the southern lynchers, however, are taking courage again. These white savages are limbering up their guns, kindling their faggots, and once more sending the curve on the lynching chart *up* to its old proud elevation. Horrors of recent months, especially the butchery at Aiken, S. C., have been wellnigh incredible, even for America. The total record of mob murders at the end of the year (1926) threatens to carry us far back toward the worst days of this enormity. Meanwhile, southern governors and judges and sheriffs seem, with certain conspicuous exceptions, to be as supine and indifferent as ever. Why, in the face of such a situation, should the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill not be passed? It is the nation which is disgraced by these crimes. It is not South Carolina, or Georgia, or Texas, but the United States, which is known abroad throughout the world as the one spot on the civilized globe where human beings are still shot and burned alive as a form of popular entertainment. Why should not the government, therefore, act to save itself and all its citizens from the burden of this shame? Say what we please, the south cannot be trusted on this or on any other matters affecting Negroes. The nation enslaved the blacks, the nation freed the blacks, now let the nation protect the blacks in the name of justice and humanity.

The recent proposal of Nathan Straus to Henry Ford is exceedingly interesting, and highly commendable. Two men of such broad intelligence and human sympathy should get together on the program suggested. Mr. Straus wishes a committee appointed to go systematically and thoroughly into charges such as have been widely and protractedly exploited by publications which Mr. Ford controls, reflecting upon the Jewish group in America and in history. These articles have repeated statements about the Jew which have been passed from lip to lip among Gentiles for generations, and which have often before appeared in print. But Mr. Ford is the most responsible citizen who has openly supported them. Mr. Straus offers to allow Mr. Ford to name the great majority of the members of his proposed investigating committee. The results of such a study would be of real service even to those who feel sure in advance that they know what they would be. There is happily much more frankness in discussing such questions than there used to be. Leading members of the Hebrew race themselves come forward to discuss what they conceive to be the causes of anti-Semitic prejudice. This anti-Semitic sentiment is a fact. It is a persistent as well as a disgraceful fact. Pooh-poohing and excoriating the prejudice has not met the issue. Mr. Straus' proposal is evidence that some are prepared to bring reason and certified information to bear upon a situation which has been all but hopelessly confused by enmity and the heat of passion. The Jew continues to be shut off into an exclusive society. It is not good for a democratic civilization that any group be subjected to such treatment, or that any group voluntarily yield to such treatment. Will not all be enlightened by a thorough study of the situation such as Mr. Straus proposes? Will not the Jew of intelligence and good will profit by the program? Will not the Gentile heartily welcome a showing of fact to correct his present impressions?

The Princeton Seminary antagonists are agreed on one point: the controversy is not that of Modernist against Fundamentalist. They are right. No one can claim that there is the slightest taint of Modernism in either party to the controversy. The issues, so far as they are theological, are medieval. At the latest they revive theological issues which are supposed to have been buried in the reunion of the divided Presbyterian church in 1870. They were really dead some time

before that, and only awaited a belated interment. But the issues are not entirely theological. Perhaps doctrine is brought forward simply because it shouts loudest, and thus covers purposes which do not so well withstand the rigors of parade. One party wishes to run things. The other wants to run things; at least, does not want the first party to have its way. Princeton Seminary is wealthy. It is old. Its traditions are hallowed in many minds. Its antiquity is one of the chief embarrassments of the contemporary situation. The present has inherited from the past an impossible system of management. There are two boards of control. One is supposed to care for the material values and the other for the spiritual or instructional. Many less orthodox than Princetonians have found the distinction difficult. The two bodies clash. Nobody holds a stout enough rein to drive the team. One backs while the other lunges forward. One seeks to turn to the right while the other is equally zealous to go to the left. Under the leadership of the Nestor of New York Presbyterian ministers, who has for many years been a member of one of these official boards, and whose irenic spirit has been seasoned through many theological conflicts, it is proposed that the less Fundamentalist contingent surrender to the dyed-in-the-wools, and withdraw. The end is not yet. A General Assembly Committee is sitting on the case. Watch the results!

The Charlie Chaplin marital woes have filled many a column of front-page newspaper space. Must movie stars all fall into such domestic broils? Are divorce scandals a necessary feature of the profession? The troubles apparently grow out of or are attended by some form of dissipation. Is debauchery an inevitable concomitant of starring? The rapid rise of most of these celebrities to fame and fortune appears to turn their heads. Is the program good either for the individuals concerned or for society? Are idols consonant with a thorough-going democracy? To be sure, domestic ties are universally tenuous in these parlous days. But there remain some happy homes. Do stars and others similarly exalted by the greed for fame maintain their proper proportion of felicitous marriages? The felicities of the Fairbanks-Pickford alliance are much published. But none can forget that both "Doug" and "Mary" have back of the present union an unsatisfactory marital record. Perhaps the shame of that record holds them to their present apparent constancy. In reason it must appear that the feverish individualism which alone makes possible current idolatry of ephemeral celebrities, is not spiritually harmonious with the social ideals for which democracy must strive. The domestic woes of these stars are not their affair alone. They individually do not cause them, nor do they alone suffer from them. Their social status is more or less baneful by virtue of their being what they are. They are social monstrosities of a more or less grotesque and menacing character. That they should embarrass and disgrace the social scheme which democracy aims to maintain is ordained by the nature of things. The society which creates them must be prepared for the afflictions which they breed. They are only running true to form when they caper and cavort and shock the social proprieties. If we do not like their ways, we would best not produce them.

The World Do Move

I have just been re-reading the income-tax debates of 1894. In the distant days of the mauve decade the wild Populists, whose very name is almost forgotten today, sent to the United States Senate from Kansas an interesting figure in the person of William A. Peffer. When the income-tax bill, carrying a tax of two per cent on incomes in excess of $4,000, reached the Senate, Senator Peffer rose in his place, and in a speech of great moderation and good sense, proposed a populistic amendment, providing for a tax beginning with one per cent on $1,000 and rising by a series of steps to the unexampled height of five per cent on that part of any man's income which should be above $100,000. "The object," said Senator Peffer, "is to allow what we Populists call a graduated income tax"; and the idea was so new and strange that the Kansas statesman apparently had some difficulty in getting his colleagues to understand his plan. The light at last began to dawn, however, evidently a good deal to the amusement of the sober and godly men of our august deliberative assembly; for the Kansan continued: "While Senators smile at the idea, it is based on exact justice." Exactly twenty-five years from the day when senators were smiling at the grotesque idea of a tax varying from one to five per cent, Americans were actually paying a tax which exempting $2,000 from all tax ran up to 77 per cent on income in excess of $1,000,000. For the year 1919 65 men reported incomes totaling $153,000,000, and paid in income tax $99,000,000, or almost 65 per cent of their total receipts. But Senator Peffer was not here to see the laughable sight.

The income-tax bill of 1894 was finally enacted into law, despite the protests and the serious arguments of conservative and high-minded men like Senator Hoar. The law, laying a simple tax of two per cent on all income in excess of $4,000, was promptly brought before the Supreme Court of the United

States, where it was assailed by Joseph Choate in the following words:

> The Act of Congress which we are impugning before you is communistic in its purposes and tendencies, and is defended here upon principles as communistic, socialistic—what shall I call them—populistic as ever have been addressed to any political assembly in the world.

His long and able argument ended with these sentences:

> No member of this court will live long enough to hear a case which will involve a question of more importance than this, the preservation of the fundamental rights of private property and equality before the law. . . . We could not magnify the scope of your decision, whatever it may be. No mortal could rise above "the height of this great argument."

And, so far as the immediate occasion of this outburst goes, all for the sake of a beggarly two per cent tax, with a seventy-seven per cent tax only a quarter-century away.

It was not simply the hired attorneys of wealthy men, however, who were excited by this two per cent imposition, and who saw in it only the nose of the camel. The wearers of the ermine themselves realized to the full the significance of the case before them, and Mr. Justice Field, after concluding his legal opinion in condemnation of the law, gave utterance to the following sentiments:

> The present assault upon capital is but the beginning. It will be but the stepping-stone to others, larger and more sweeping, till our political contests will become a war of the poor against the rich, a war constantly growing in intensity and bitterness. "If the court sanctions the power of discriminating taxation, and nullifies the uniformity mandate of the Constitution," as said by one who has been all his life a student of our institutions, "it will mark the hour when the sure decadence of our present government will commence."

In the light of such ideas, the majority of the Supreme Court overthrew the precedents of a century of consistent interpretation of the constitution, and declared the income-tax law invalid, despite the clear evidence that such a law was desired by a great majority of the people; declared, in effect, that Congress was forever incompetent to lay an income tax without an amendment to the constitution; made such a declaration at a time when it was commonly enough believed that the constitution had become unamendable save as a result of actual war.

Small wonder that the dissenting justices expressed grave concern over the consequences of the decision. Said Mr. Justice Harlan:

> This decision may well excite the gravest apprehensions. It strikes at the very foundations of national authority, in that it denies to the general government a power which is, or may become, vital to the very existence and preservation of the Union in a national emergency. . . . The practical effect of the decision today is to give to certain kinds of property a position of favoritism and advantage inconsistent with the fundamental principles of our social organization, and to invest them with power and influence that may be perilous to that portion of the American people upon whom rests the larger part of the burdens of government, and who ought not to be subjected to the dominion of aggregated wealth any more than the property of the country should be at the mercy of the lawless.

Mr. Justice Brown spoke of the decision in these words:

> I hope it may not prove the first step toward the submergence of the liberties of the people in a sordid despotism of wealth. As I cannot escape the conviction that the decision of the court in this great case is fraught with immeasurable danger to the future of the country, and that it approaches the proportions of a national calamity, I feel it a duty to enter my protest against it.

Such were the thoughts, the beliefs, the fears of thoughtful men on both sides in the middle nineties—and what happened? The creaking machinery of constitutional amendment was set in motion, and in less than twenty years—a time far too long, indeed, to be demanded for the actual process of constitutional change, but a period short in the life of a nation—we had a progressive federal income tax in operation, and in half a decade thereafter income millionaires were paying a 77 per cent tax. What of the fears of the wise men? The institution of private property somehow seems still to survive, and some of us even imagine that, despite our discontent with it, we have succeeded in thirty years in remolding it a little nearer to our heart's desire. In place of Mr. Justice Field's growingly bitter war of the poor against the rich, we find ourselves in a state of sodden prosperity where rich and poor march arm in arm to the polls and make it unanimous for Calvin Coolidge. Yet here we are, rich and poor alike accepting as a matter of course not only an income tax, but one whose rates are still sharply progressive, despite the successful labors of Mr. Mellon and his associates in hacking down the highest surtaxes.

And this fable teacheth the followers of fellowship what? "Courage and gaiety and the quiet mind," in the good words of Stevenson; a cheerful faith, not only on the day of the lost battle, like that of 1894, but during these yet more discouraging contemporary years of fat and prosperous indifference; an unshaken confidence that all in due time things must move in the direction of a more human, friendly sort of world, provided only we are forever alert, mind and heart, to discover and point out the next possibility of movement; an unruffled serenity when our best efforts yield absolutely no results and when the whole world laughs at our dreams; an unceasing, unhurried and joyful activity in the personal practice of fellowship and in the even more difficult search for the modes of expression of collective fellowship; a profound underlying conviction of the essential ultimate inevitability of rightness and righteousness, a conviction that casts out fear and discouragement and hatred. The Apostle to the Gentiles nineteen centuries ago summed up the last lesson of this as of all history: "And now abideth faith, hope, love; and the greatest of these is love."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY.

Jottings

A federal judge recently declared, in handing down an opinion, that the function of government is to protect life, liberty and property, and that "the greatest of these is property, because without it life and liberty are meaningless." Verily, verily, we are getting on!

A Wilmington (N. C.) paper reports that a sailor "was killed by coming into contact with a live wife." This sounds like a type-setter's mistake, yet there is a certain plausibility about it all the same.

It is estimated that, in the late football season, not less than 15,000,000 persons paid something like $30,000,000 to witness intercollegiate contests. This makes the gladiatorial shows of imperial Rome look like a quiet little game in the back parlor.

The controversy as to whether or not there is an overproduction of diamonds leaves us quite cold. In fact, it is rather curious how academic some questions seem to us to be.

We do not know enough about Palestine to make any comment about Henry T. Pritchett's report on Zionism. But we know enough about the science of investigation to make very definite comment upon a report written by a man who "spent only a few weeks in the country." Dr. Pritchett's conclusions may be right or wrong, but his data is ridiculous.

Rabbi Calisch, of Richmond, Va., publishes the following list of ten books as stimulating goodwill between Jews and Christians. We gladly pass on the information in the interest of ever better feeling between brethren:

Madison Peters, "Justice to the Jew"; Morris Joseph, "Judaism as Life and Creed"; Simon Wolf, "The Jew as Citizen and Patriot"; Gerald Friedlander, "Jewish Sources of the Sermon on the Mount"; H. G. Enelow, "A Jewish View of Jesus"; C. Baldwin, "Our Modern Debt to Israel"; Isidor Singer, "A Religion of Truth, Justice and Peace"; Travers Herford, "Pharisaism"; Walter Hurt, "The Truth About the Jews"; C. G. Montefiore, "Outlines of Liberal Judaism."

If there are additions to this list, let us have them.

J. H. H.

A Community Tree in Germany

[From Our German Correspondent.]

The Community Tree is no longer exclusively an institution of the United States. The rays of the various trees that shed their light during Christmas week in New York City have reached over and lighted similar trees in Germany. The movement has gone out from Heilbronn, which city, as its name implies (*Heilbronn-heilender Brunnen, healing Fountain*), has again in this instance become a Fountain of Healing.

"Have you seen the tree on the market-place?" A few years ago this was the leading question in the city of Heilbronn during Christmas week. For something new had come to this city, and the citizens were proud that it was the first of all German towns to have a Community Tree—a Tree of Light.

When something new strikes a German town it has an effect somewhat different from a similar occurrence in the United States. For the citizens of the United States, while they may believe that "there is nothing new under the sun," still are always ready to see what this "new thing" may be, and usually approach it with a feeling of willingness to accept it if it does not too greatly interfere with their preconceived notions. Not so with the German mentality. The "new thing" must be considered in detail, it must be weighed in the balance, studied carefully from all possible viewpoints, and then the great decision is reached as to its advisability and feasibility.

Having spent several years in New York City and still conscious of the deep impression made upon me by the Community Tree at Madison Square, I desired to share this experience with the fellow-citizens of my native town.

Permission was readily granted by the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen, the Fire Department, and all those Powers that Be that must be taken into consideration when planning a public event. The city authorities at once offered to supply a tree from the city woods and a beautiful "Christmas" tree was selected and put up in front of the romantic Rathaus. The electricians came and installed the electric "candles," 85 of them.

While these preparations were being made comments flew thick and fast and the city was soon divided into the usual camps of "pro" and "anti." Letters were written to the newspapers—and printed—objecting to this invasion of outside influence into the well-ordered life of the community. Said Mr. and Mrs. Anti and their group:

Christmas is a festival that should be celebrated in the home, and not upon the market-place. Christmas is a family festival and one does not want to celebrate it with strangers. The money expended for the tree and lights might better be used to buy food for the needy ones. If children see the big tree they will only be reminded that there are people who have money for such things, while they must go without. Why can't the tree be set up in the school gymnasium or in some other hall, and then tea could be served to all who come?

Thereupon Mr. and Mrs. Pro and their friends replied:

It is not intended to supplant the Christmas festival in the home, nor is it to be a substitute for the usual Christmas celebration. It will be a tree for the community. It is for all who pass by, for the many who cannot afford their own tree and candles, and who would otherwise be without any tree at all. If the tree is set up in a hall only a limited number of persons will see it—upon the market-place it will be seen by all. And as for serving tea, then why not a complete meal? The spreading of light is the main idea, however, not

the furnishing of material comfort. It is to form a central idea in which everyone in the city may share. It is the expression of the ideal of democracy.

At a meeting of the elders of the church, called to discuss the matter of the tree, the general opinion was against this new idea, which would carry an important function of the church out upon the market-place. Finally, just before the vote was taken, a member of the board recalled the story of the washing of Jesus' feet by the Magdalene, and remarked that when those present had remonstrated that money was spent so foolishly, Jesus reproved them. "So, too," the speaker concluded, "money may be spent for a Community Tree and we cannot say today what its results will be." Hereupon, when the vote was taken, it was carried in the affirmative.

And then Christmas Eve came! The papers printed the program of the "tree" the day before, at what hours of the day it would be illuminated, what would be sung beneath it and by whom the singing would be led. Long before five o'clock on the afternoon of December 24th the market-place was filled with expectant visitors. As the old Rathaus clock pealed forth the four strokes announcing the full hour and the five strokes told the hour, the tree burst forth into light and a delighted and contented "Ah" was wafted through the air. In that "Ah" the success of the tree was assured. A group of boys from the local Y. M. C. A. blew a Christmas carol on brass instruments and a chorus of 400 school boys sang well known Christmas songs.

The following evening, Christmas Day, the crowd was even larger. Probably everyone who had been there the previous day came again and brought someone else along. Two church choirs alternated in singing, and whenever a familiar song was sung everyone joined in—that is, everyone who was not too greatly moved by the prevailing feeling of harmony and unity. For the Community Spirit had arrived! It prevailed throughout the week, it became synonymous with the Tree of Light. Everyone felt that it was indeed *his* or *her* tree, and looked forward to visiting the tree during the hour each day when it shed forth its radiance. The tree had brought about a miracle—an elimination of class distinction—for a week at least. No one jostled his neighbor in his effort to get a better place, no one was cross or peevish when, during a heavy downpour of rain, the crowd stood for one hour under umbrellas listening to the choir of the Catholic Church in its rendition of mediaeval Christmas music. For were not all eyes fixed upon the tree and was not everyone happy at having a big tree upon the market-place? One evening, when no stated program had been arranged, the crowd assembled as usual long before the tree was lit. Shortly after the lights were turned on the singing began. A woman started by singing "Silent Night, Holy Night," and carol followed carol. Even after the lights were extinguished the singing continued for half an hour longer. It was as though one did not wish to hurry out into the work-a-day world again, but longed to linger indefinitely beneath the radiant branches of the Tree of Light.

The enthusiasm to take part in the daily program was so great that there were not enough evenings in the week to go around. One evening the brass band of the Fire Department played for a full hour, another evening a mandolin, violin and guitar club held sway. At eight o'clock on New Year's eve a male chorus of united singing societies thrilled all listeners. Among the group who took part were bakers, vineyarders, various sport clubs, teachers and laborers. Another evening a Peoples' Chorus sang. It must be added that in singing, especially in chorus work, the Germans are far in advance of other nations. Singing is not only a diversion for leisure hours, but a study which is followed systematically by the majority. Whenever singing is done, it is not merely one-part singing, but even with popular airs and folksongs the second and third voices are clearly heard. This brings about an artistic effect which cannot be overestimated.

But the real test of the lesson which the Tree of Light tried to teach during its sojourn on the market-place came on New Year's night. I had arranged to have the tree lit over the midnight hour at the close of the Old Year. Warnings were sent me, portraying all the "awful" things that might happen to the tree if it were lit at that time. For the midnight hour of the Old Year is one where no "decent" person is abroad, for shooting, shouting, fighting and what-not hold sway, and the policemen have their hands full! The test was made, however, and whatever intention may have lurked in the minds of certain "wild" elements, nothing was apparent. Perhaps "they who came to scoff remained to pray." A trumpeter sent forth melodies into the night air, blending strains of music with the light of the tree and the crowd beneath the tree sang and wept. As the bells peeled forth the news that the Old Year was spent and the New Year was being ushered in greetings were whispered rather than shouted, hand felt for hand, and clasped firmly, expressing more than words could have done, that the light from the tree would continue to lighten the New Year. In the midst of the darkness that surrounded Germany, in the stress of the uncertainty of the future, in the worry and care of the years to come, the tree sent forth the light of strength and the star surmounting it bore witness to the hope in thousands of hearts. The Community Tree of Heilbronn had proved to be more, no doubt, than the Tree of Light in New York. It not only gave light and hope—it gave what is so necessary in the world today, a feeling of real fellowship, an understanding of what brotherhood really means, a vital reminder of that Light of the World that alone can wipe out the estrangements that have sprung up between man and man. The tree bore the name *"Gemeinde-Lichterbaum"* (Community Tree of Light) and symbolized not only the annual tree of the Christian Church, but also the custom of the ancients to lighten the darkness during those days when the days are shortest. For Jew and Gentile alike, for believer and non-believer, it called forth a renewed hope for the enlightenment of mankind.

This was three years ago. The lesson taught by the Heilbronn Tree of Light has already been followed by other cities. Last year a tree stood before the National Museum in Weimar and in Berlin before St. Peter's Church. Many smaller cities also erected Community Trees, so that it bids fair to become an established institution on German soil. May its radiance continue to shed abroad the light of hope and fellowship!

THEODOR HAHN.

Heilbronn am Neckar.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

PART II—CHAPTER XIV

Preparation for the Case

The year's stay in Pretoria was the most valuable experience in my life. Here it was that I had opportunities of learning public work and obtained some measure of my capacity for it. Here it was that the religious spirit within me became a living force, and here too I acquired a true knowledge of legal practice. Here I learnt the things that a junior barrister learns in a senior barrister's chamber, and here also I gained confidence that I should not after all fail as a lawyer. It was likewise here that I learnt the secret of success as a lawyer.

Dada Abdulla's was no small case. The suit was for £40,000. Arising as it did out of business transactions, it was full of intricacies of accounts. Part of the claim was based on promissory notes and part on the specific performance of promise to deliver promissory notes. The defence was that the promissory notes were fraudulently taken and lacked sufficient consideration. There were points of fact and law enough in this intricate case.

Both parties had engaged the best attorneys and counsel. I thus had a fine opportunity of studying their work. The preparation of the plaintiff's case for the attorney and the sifting of facts in support of his case had been entrusted to me. It was an education to see how much the attorney accepted and how much he rejected from my preparation, as also to see how much use the counsel made of the brief prepared by the attorney. I saw that this preparation for the case would give me a fair measure of my powers of comprehension and my capacity for marshaling evidence.

I took the keenest interest in the case. Indeed I threw myself into it. I read all the papers pertaining to the transactions. My client's ability was great and his confidence in me was absolute and this rendered my work easy. I made a fair study of bookkeeping. My capacity for translation was improved by having to translate the correspondence which was for the most part in Gujarati.

Although, as I have said before, I took a keen interest in religious communion and in public work, and always gave some of my time to them, they were not then my primary interest. The preparation of the case was my primary interest. Reading of law and looking up law cases, when necessary, had always a prior claim on my time. As a result, I acquired such a grasp of the facts of the case as perhaps was not possessed even by the parties themselves, in as much as I had with me the papers of both the parties.

I recalled the late Mr. Pincutt's advice—facts are three-fourths of the law. At a later date it was amply borne out by that famous barrister of South Africa, the late Mr. Leonard. In a certain case in my charge I saw that though justice was on the side of my client, the law seemed to be against him. In despair I approached Mr. Leonard for help. He also felt that the facts of the case were very strong. He exclaimed, "Gandhi, I have learnt one thing, and it is this, that if we take care of the facts of a case, the law will take care of itself. Let us dive deeper into the facts of this case." With these words he asked me to study the case further and then see him again. On a re-examination of the facts I saw them in an entirely new light, and I also hit upon an old South African case bearing on the point. I was delighted and went to Mr. Leonard and told him everything. "Right," he said, "we shall win the case. Only we must bear in mind which of the judges takes it."

When I was making preparations for Dada Abdulla's case, I had not fully realized this paramount importance of facts. Facts mean truth and once we adhere to truth, the law comes to our aid naturally. I saw that the facts of Dada Abdulla's case made it very strong indeed and that the law was bound to be on their side. But I also saw that the litigation, if it were persisted in, would ruin the plaintiff and the defendant, who were relatives and both residents of the same city. No one knew how long the case might go on. Should it be allowed to continue to be fought out in court, it might go on indefinitely, and to no advantage of either party. Both therefore desired an immediate termination of the case, if possible.

I approached Tyeb Seth and requested and advised him to go to arbitration. I recommended him to see his counsel. I suggested to him that if an arbitrator commanding the confidence of both parties could be appointed, the case would be quickly finished. The lawyers' fees were so rapidly mounting up that they were enough to devour all the resources of the clients, big merchants as they were. The case occupied so much of their attention that they had no time left for any other work. In the meantime mutual illwill was steadily increasing. I became disgusted with the profession. As lawyers, the counsel on both sides were bound to rake up points of law in support of their own clients. I also saw for the first time that the winning party never recovered all the costs incurred. Under the Court Fees regulation there was a fixed scale of costs to be allowed as between party and party, the actual costs as between attorney and client being very much higher. This was more than I could bear. I felt that my duty was to befriend both parties, and bring them together. I strained every nerve to bring about a compromise. At last Tyeb Seth agreed. An arbitrator was appointed, the case was argued before him, and Dada Abdulla won.

But that did not satisfy me. If my client were to seek immediate execution of the award, it would be impossible for Tyeb Seth to meet the whole of the awarded amount, and there was an unwritten law among the Porbander Memons living in South Africa that death should be preferred to bankruptcy. It was impossible for Tyeb Seth to pay down the whole sum of about £37,000 and costs. He meant to pay not a pie less than the amount and he did not want to be declared bankrupt. There was only one way. Dada Abdulla should allow him to pay in moderate installments. They were equal to the occasion and granted Tyeb Seth installments spread over a very long period. It was more difficult for me to secure this concession

of payment by installments than to get the parties to agree to arbitration. But both were happy over the result, and both rose in the public estimation. My joy was boundless. I had learnt the true practice of law. I had learnt to find out the better side of human nature and to enter men's hearts. I realized that the true function of a lawyer was to unite parties riven asunder. The lesson was so indelibly burnt into me that a large part of my time during the twenty years of my practice as a lawyer was occupied in bringing about private compromises of hundreds of cases. I lost nothing thereby—not even money, certainly not my soul.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Gandhi, the Seer of Sabarmati

We print the following interesting account of a visit to Gandhi in his home, the Sabarmati Ashram. The article, as taken from the columns of the Bombay *Chronicle,* is a report of a speech by the visitor, Dr. Stanley Jones, narrating his experiences and impressions:

Life at the Ashram, he said, was pure and simple and was characterized by a degree of strict discipline. At 3:45 in the morning the "rising bell" went and every occupant of the Ashram got up. At four there is a prayer and Mahatmaji's prayer would be listened to with rapt attention by one and all. After that, everyone took to his own occupation and none was idle.

Proceeding Dr. Jones said that the first work that was given for any one, who entered the Ashram, was scavenging. It was a lesson in humility and service. Mahatma Gandhi used to say that scavenging was not the work of any particular class of people and that everybody had to do it. During his stay at the Ashram, Dr. Jones came across three persons who had newly entered the Ashram. One was a Hindu Pandit who had been there for nearly 12 years. The second was a South African Indian Hindu and the other was a German lady. It was usual that every entrant should take to scavenging for at least three months. But the Hindu Pandit would not give up his job of scavenging all these 12 years.

Dr. Jones next said that there was something charming when one observed Mahatmaji at the charka. All the people at the Ashram were deft spinners, and it was with not a little amusement that Dr. Jones saw a Chinese teaching spinning to an American. An Asiatic-American alliance indeed! When Dr. Jones expressed his doubts to Mahatmaji about the economic value of the charka spinning as an industry, the latter said that if anybody showed him a better substitute he was prepared to give up the charka. Mahatmaji knew that hand-spinning was only a subsidiary industry, but he believed that it would be a blessing to thousands of farmers and peasants forming the great bulk of the population of India who had no other work for nearly six months in the year. Though Dr. Jones was first skeptical about the economic return from handspinning which was very low, Mahatmaji convinced him that the small returns from the adoption of the charka would mean the saving of thousands of poor families from starvation and death. Dr. Jones was inclined to argue against the efficacy of handspinning at the beginning, but the reasons of Mahatmaji cut the ground from under his feet. And however much he might have tried to criticise he could not do so.

Another characteristic feature of the Ashram with which Dr. Jones had been impressed was Mahatma Gandhi's sociability and simplicity. The Mahatma wanted to share the poverty of the poor and clothed himself scantily and ate little. His whole soul was with the masses. Again Mahatmaji was very sociable and little children were greatly to his liking. He used to play with them and take them for a walk and it afforded Mahatmaji no small amusement to make these children touch the Jail gate. Mahatmaji used to give lessons in scripture to little children and it was amazing to see him brimming with joy and fun and merriment when little children played with him. Dr. Jones was of opinion that any one, who had witnessed this, could not but come to the conclusion that such a man could never become a fanatic.

Speaking about Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi, Dr. Jones said that Tagore was a great personality and that any one who approached him was inspired with awe and reverence while the Mahatma was simplicity itself and was very affable.

Dr. Jones then described two other persons whom he had come across in the Ashram. Mahadeo Desai was the right hand man of Mahatma Gandhi and Dr. Jones admired his good qualities. Miss Slade, the American lady disciple of Mahatma Gandhi was the other. Dr. Jones showed what a contrast was this lady from her father Admiral Slade. He had occasion to meet that Admiral on board a ship and greeted him with a "Good morning." In return Dr. Jones had a stony stare from that gentleman which seemed to say "Who are you that greets me like this when we have not been introduced." On the other hand, when Dr. Jones went to the Sabarmati Ashram, Miss Slade came forward barefooted and saluted him with both her hands in the Indian fashion. This lady had been horrified by the late ghastly war and had been longing for a teacher to show her the path of peace for the world. She had read the book of Romain Rolland on Mahatma Gandhi and went to him for an interview. During that interview Romain Rolland had told her that there was a Christ on the horizon and that it was no other than Mahatmaji himself.

Continuing, Dr. Jones related how during his stay at Sabarmati he had several round table conferences with Mahatma Gandhi and how in these conferences they had interchanged ideas about each other's religion. Though there were points of disagreement between them, Dr. Jones was impressed with the cordial relations with Mahatmaji, the seer of Sabarmati, which he could never forget. Lastly, Dr. Jones observed that one could not but be impressed with the high ideal of honesty which Mahatmaji preached and practiced. With the Mahatma there could be no sham, no veneer, no playing to the galleries. The speaker felt that the Mahatma had not only a moral but a spiritual message to the whole world, and that his teachings were sure to go a long way in the regeneration of India into a land of nobler and purer peoples.

The Steps of Santa Maria Maggiore

It is morning.

Clear early light diffuses thinly over the walls of the great Basilica facing the Piazza dell' Esquilino. My window looks out upon the open square. If I sit at my window long enough I shall see all things—and I need not hurry as does the English girl who is climbing the steps, which cascade below the twin domes down into the piazza. The steps of Santa Maria Maggiore are shallow and broad. Running in stately measured flights of seven, nine and eleven, they offer easy ascent to worshipper and tourist alike.

The English girl in smart tan tweeds is a tourist. She holds a yellow guide-book in her right hand, while her left flutters the pages swiftly. Possibly she must go on to Florence before the day is done and does not wish to leave Rome without seeing Santa Maria, one of the five oldest and most magnificent churches in the Eternal City. The girl must have found the place, for the agitated thumbing ceases and a resolute forefinger is inserted between the leaves that it be not lost. Thus secure, she takes a moment to glance up at the twin domes—her eyes fall to the apse, where four stately terminal statues are poised, luminous against the morning sky.

Are these figures, by any chance, the work of Michelangelo? or Bernini? Again the agitated thumbwork. Evidently the guide-book divulges no information on this point, and the momentarily delayed tourist in tweeds takes the remaining steps without another upward glance, disappearing into the shadowy vastness of the basilica.

But, after all, tourists are only an episode. Now the advancing sun pours living gold into the veins of the day and the native life of the city is astir—the tempo of all things quickens. School boys come racing along the lowest step, which is of double breadth; joyous, shouting, they fling spinning caps high into the air! A blare of martial music—a concerted shout. From all avenues soldiers are streaming into the square—a tide that flows in a solid mass. A composite formation of a thousand entities, trained to move as one. On they come, at quick step now! A river of men flowing around the beautiful central curve of the steps of Santa Maria Maggiore. Battalions of youth, turning and wheeling at the command of one who walks before—set apart. Battalions of Youth—with countless white-gloved hands clasped about the butts of bayonets. The gleaming steel gives back sparks to the fiery sun. Danger-points.

As if in awareness of evil, the belfry bells belch forth a wild clangor of sound! Pigeons flash from every orifice in dome and turret. Their flying bodies appear as broken fragments! They blacken the sky. With the slow subsidence of sound, the birds wheel in afrighted circles—then wing wearily to their broken rest under cornices. All except one. One black pigeon perches on the stone wrist of one of the saints. There it curiously resembles a falcon, watchful and sinister, upon the mailed hand of some hunter of old.

It is twilight.

All the lights in the Piazza blossom suddenly—as one. The increase in light reveals the dusky oval of green, where stands the obelisk from the desert. A woman is coming lightly across the Piazza toward the steps. She is young, for she is still slender, but her skirts are voluminous. I cannot see yet what causes her to bend a little to one side. Now she is coming under the lamplight. I see that her right hand melts into that of a child over whom she leans, a baby with fluttering wisps of cap-strings and pink kid shoes like rose petals.

The steps of Santa Maria are empty for the moment. Evidently mother and child are waiting for someone, someone who is late. To pass the time, they begin a game together. The young mother carries her child to the topmost step, clasping the wee fists in her own she swings the boy down each step—counting *una, due, tre*—una, due, *tre!* At each *tre* the child shouts aloud with glee, for he is swung free of the steps—and the pink kid shoes, like rose petals beat a fanfare of delight before they touch the gray stone again. Now a darker figure approaches. It flings the child to a stalwart shoulder, and the little group disappear from the lucent steps. I can see the pink kid shoes like rose petals swaying against the father's broad back before the shadow beyond the steps receives them. Smudges of unfortunate humanity resting at the base of the obelisk down in the square, hear a bell toll slowly, slowly. I hear it. The sound drops like a heavy tear through the air. Perhaps it grieves for the child in pink kid shoes like rose petals—for the bells of Santa Maria are old. So old they remember other babes who grew into school-boys—who grew into soldiers—who marched away to come no more.

It is midnight.

Back of the domes the moon has risen. One star, peeping through cloud curtains, shines directly over the ancient obelisk. I watch the star steadfastly. It seems to drift down the dim moon-frosted pane of the sky—nearer and nearer—lower and lower, as though it sought to settle like a beacon light upon the upright of the Cross which crowns the point of the shaft from the desert. The star glides—it slips through the sky. I doze.

Through half-closed lids the steps of Santa Maria float—become confused—change places. They run no longer in steady flights of seven, nine, eleven—I cannot count them. They are dissolved into the sandy wastes of Egypt. They ripple as the sea, with all the ridges running rapidly to the east, the East where the Star shines.

A wind rises, bearing not the dust of Rome but drifting desert sand over and about the steps of Santa Maria, slowly erasing the outlines there—steadily tracing long forgotten pictures. Forms take shape under the lunar light. They are tawny in color like the slow-moving beasts of the desert which centuries ago carried wise men; wise men who followed a star leading to a little Prince of Peace.

The forms multiply, they crowd together. The whole piazza is a surging sea of life, life hurrying along on a myriad of small hoofs; the motion releases a rhythm of innumerable bells. And still the forms multiply.

The blue-white curtain of mist, through which the first star peeped, sways—then parts asunder, as touched by unseen hands veil after veil is silently withdrawn.

I see clearly now. The moonlit square is overflowing with sheep, led by sure shepherds. The shepherds are guiding their flocks, through the sleeping city of Rome, on their way to fresh pastures on the Campagna. And there are lambs.

Lambs with fleece so white—it seems a mere transfusion of the moon, vanishing before the coming dawn. It is past midnight; a transitive cloud reveals the star more radiant, and the bell is ringing again. Serenely now. It recalls that always, always there will be more babies in pink kid shoes like rose petals coming to climb the old steps of Santa Maria Maggiore. May there be wise shepherds!

F. H. Pfaltz.

The Study Table

Klausner Gives Back Jesus to the Jews

A life of Jesus of Nazareth,* written in Hebrew by a Jew and published in Jerusalem—the New Jerusalem of 1922—is something new under the literary sun! The book has been translated into English by Herbert Danby, D. D., Residentiary Canon of St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem, and, in this form, is now published by the Macmillan Co., New York, for the benefit of that large company of readers who know no Hebrew.

This life seems to have been an eye-opener to Jewish Youth. Witness the caption to an advertisement of it carried in the February *Menorah,* a Jewish Intercollegiate Magazine: "A monumental work by a Jewish Scholar. Shall we let the world rob us of Jesus, the man who has had more influence on the fortunes of the world than any other character in history? Klausner gives back Jesus to Judaism; ranks with Renan and Papini."

Klausner's Life of Jesus, from the above, would seem to be destined to play the same part in the imagination of Jewish Youth as Renan's in that of Gentile. I remember, when, repelled by the dogma and pious theology I encountered in my youthful church-going, I decided to find out for myself what Renan had to give me. From his pages, I first gained a dazzling glimpse of the greatness and reality of Jesus as a man and I finished the book with a reverence for him I had lost in the church. This enthusiasm sent me back to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John to read their familiar pages with new eyes. This generation of Jews, more familiar with satires on Christian dogma, or Jewish anti-Christian legends, than with facts, will read Klausner and awake, with a like thrill, to the perception of the value of this unique member of their race.

Dr. Klausner claims that he is the first author to write in Hebrew a Life of Jesus that is not, to quote his words, "either satiric or apologetic." Although it is not to be expected that he could go all the way with Christian believers, he is fair-minded, going farther in apprehending the Great Teacher than many a Gentile scholar. Hence, though this latest Life of Jesus is written for Jewish readers—especially for that multitude which is now looking to ancient Palestine as the spiritual center of their nation—it will be arresting and informative material for non-Jewish readers, for both orthodox believers and for unbelievers.

Klausner's first four chapters deal most completely with the proofs of the historic reality of Jesus. Besides giving a careful summary of every outside source for this proof—Greek, Latin, Pauline, Gospels, Early Fathers—Klausner devotes his opening chapter to the Rabbinical sources. He goes into a literature foreign to most readers—the little known Jewish Talmud—for his first proofs of historicity and brings back some strange relics of the Great Master. He searches in this ancient lore and with scholarly precision explains many obscure references therein to a disturbing Jeshua (Jesus), showing that less than seventy years after the crucifixion, the Rabbis of Jerusalem knew the teachings of Jesus and the current Christian claims as to his unusual life and birth. From the agreement of these Talmudic accounts with those of the Synoptic Gospels, Klausner infers that "the accounts in the first three Gospels are fairly early, and that it is unreasonable to question either the existence of Jesus (as certain scholars have done both in the 18th Century and in our own time) or his general character as it is depicted in these Gospels. This is the single historical value which we can attribute to the early Talmudical accounts of Jesus."

But what a great value this is! "First to the Jew and then to the Gentile." To the present generation of Jews, by removing from their minds the general ignorance of the historic reality of the greatest spiritual genius of their race. For the Gentile Youth, too, who has been told by so many of his own writers that Jesus of Nazareth was an invention of the Evangelists, or of St. Paul's, or was a Sun-myth or a Season-myth, it is helpful to have all these complexities brushed away so completely. In another way also, Klausner's treatment of his material should be equally pleasing to Jew and Gentile. He gives not one paragraph, even, to the discussion of dogma or theology. He turns not aside for any dead issues or irrelevent legends. Thus we have a work that should create a better understanding between Jews and Christians, more appreciation of the good in the religion of each, less prejudice and intolerance on both sides.

Klausner states in his preface that he has struggled to maintain "an objective attitude throughout the entire book." In this he has admirably succeeded, where few before him have done so. Only on one theme does he seem unable to suppress some subjective Jewish bitterness. That theme is the Pharisees, of whom Klausner tells us much that is admirable, and objects to Jesus' denunciations of them as far too scathing. "Is there any system of teaching in the world (that of Christianity first and foremost) which in course of time is not corrupted by its adherents and does not to a large extent, deteriorate into a condition of requiring good but not practising it." In view of the history of Christianity, certainly no Christian can be found to answer this question. But if Klausner's attitude were perfectly objective, would he not see that it is Phariseeism as a symbol of materiality and dogma that Jesus condemns and not the individuals and their actions? The human habit of holding to dead laws and ceremonies instead of the going forward with life and growth—"the new wine in new bottles." Witness the amusing—if tragic—story Klausner has earlier quoted from the Talmud. In the primitive days of Christianity a disciple of Jesus was called in to heal a Rabbi of the bite of a serpent. Another Rabbi rushes

*Jesus of Nazareth, by Joseph Klausner, Jerusalem. Published by Macmillan Co., New York.

in and informs the sufferer that this therapy is not permitted by the Law. The first Rabbi says, "I will bring thee a verse from the Law showing it is permitted." But ere he could bring proof, he died.

Yet, in view of the ancient sufferings and persecutions of his race on account of this very religion under study, how is it possible, as long as the condition still persists, for a Jew to forget? Says Klausner, so truly, "these 1,900 years past the world has gone on avenging the blood of Jesus the Jew upon his countrymen, the Jews, who have already paid the penalty, and still go on paying the penalty in rivers and torrents of blood."

Klausner has written a great book about a great subject and he has done a great work in "giving back Jesus to Judaism." That is what he set out to do for his own countrymen and their history. For Christians, his aim was to show the inherent differences and similarities between Judaism and Christianity. This task he has achieved also with a wealth of research in the social, economic, and political conditions of Jesus' time, added to welcome explanations of the many subtle details and meanings of ancient Jewish customs and laws.

It would be asking too much of Judaism, just yet, for a fuller comprehension of the Great Master. To Klausner, Jesus was only the greatest of Ethical teachers and the most artistic of Parable-sayers. The Jews, says Klausner, cannot regard Jesus as a Prophet, because he "lacked the Prophet's political perceptions, the Prophet's spirit of national consolation in the political-national sense." Yet some notable commentators on the New Testament have written books to prove their theory, that Jesus clearly foresaw the conflict his hot-headed, liberty-loving countrymen were tending toward with Rome—what he called "the signs of the times"—and the terrific outcome of it for the Jews. He preached "soul-force" to combat physical force, repentance (changing their minds) to replace destructive pugnacity towards the conquering Roman type of mind. Josephus some forty years later, as the Jews were beginning their great rebellion against the Roman power, wrote to them that he "saw whither the affairs of the Jews would end at last and was sensible, they had but one way of escaping and that was by *repenting.*" As a political Prophet the proud rulers of the Sanhedrim opposed him equally fiercely as they fought him as an opponent of the Law.

Neither can the Jews accept Jesus as a Messiah, says Klausner. He thinks that Jesus at first expected to bring about the Kingdom of God at once, on earth and in Jerusalem, as the Jews then held the Messianic hopes and that only when he saw the failure of these dreams, did he say, "My Kingdom is not of this world." "Judaism, on the other hand," says Klausner, "is definitely of this world; it seeks to amend this world by the Kingdom of God and not only isolated individuals." He misses completely the great central teaching of Jesus that "the Kingdom of God is within you" and the resulting value, the divine worth of every human being; a teaching which must in the course of civilization "leaven the whole lump" of human society, raising it up to the lofty heights of justice and brotherhood.

Perhaps, in a now apparent future, when the desert that is the present-day Palestine shall blossom like the rose, the war of creeds and religions will cease and mankind will advance in science and philosophy, until the prophetic words of Isaiah's fire-touched lips shall be realized. Towards that "far-off, divine event" the Jew can help the Gentile to clear away the mists of Christian theology and creed. The Gentile can help the Jew to see the practicality of the mysticism of Jesus' teaching, and both together can "wait for the Kingdom of God" on earth.

But in the present age of strife and divisions, Klausner, truly representative, will have naught of the Christian Kingdom of God, though holding valiantly to a Jewish Kingdom of God. In the last summing up, he says, "The Kingdom of Heaven, according to Jesus, is in the present. The Kingdom of Heaven, according to Judaism, is to be 'in the latter days.' The former is to come suddenly, like a thief in the night, the latter will be the fruit of long development and hard work. True Socialism is Jewish not Christian." We disagree most emphatically with that verdict. The Gospel, according to the Future, will teach that true Socialism is both Jewish and Christian.

LOUISE CREWDSON.

An Attractive Biography*

George Hodges was flourishing in the days when we were at the Harvard Divinity School in Cambridge. At that time he was the able and admired Dean of the Theological School (Episcopal) in that same city. We used to see him often upon the streets, listen to him now and then in pulpit or on platform, read his charming essays, and hear the lovely legend of his wit, kindliness, piety and gentle manhood. He was an ingratiating figure. His wife here tells the story of his modest but eminently useful career. It is a heartening tale. Few men were ever more devoted—few men more loved. His colleague, Dr. Kellner, "wonders whether there was ever such a collective expression of personal affection" as that which was poured forth on the Dean's twenty-fifth anniversary. To those who enjoy biographies, we heartily commend this book. They will find it welcome reading. J. H. H.

*The Life of George Hodges, Mrs. George Hodges (Century).

A Christmas Hymn of Peace

Joy to the world! for hopes of peace
Which daily grow more strong,
For streaming tides of righteousness
To end the night of wrong.

Joy to the world! for brotherhood
With friendly, outstretched hand,
For bugle calls of fellowship
Which sound from land to land.

No more shall war its furies fling
Across the human mart;
Supreme good will shall hold its sway
And reign in every heart.

All hail! all hail! thou glorious day
When dreams of fairest hue,
Long cherished in the human breast
Shall build the world anew.

HENRY J. ADLARD.

Correspondence

President Coolidge, the World Court, and the League of Nations

Editor of UNITY:

The overwhelming defeat of Senator Butler in the recent election in Massachusetts will put an end to the movement, which was gathering some headway, to renominate Mr. Coolidge for the presidency in 1928. But it would be a great mistake for the people outside of Massachusetts to infer that Mr. Butler's disastrous defeat is a measure of the esteem in which Mr. Coolidge is held. It was a capital mistake, even if it was creditable to his personal friendship, for him to identify his political fortune with that of Senator Butler as he did. The President is held in high general respect in Massachusetts, irrespective of men's party affiliations. Men have faith in his integrity and patriotism and his painstaking devotion to his duty. It would be as great a mistake to underpraise as to overpraise him. He has been a good national housekeeper in a time when that was peculiarly needed and under hard circumstances when dereliction would have been easy. No man has questioned his business uprightness; and there have been no scandals in his administration save those which he inherited. He has not often been fooled by the military men who swarm at Washington, and has read them some sharp lessons, salutary alike for them and for the country. But he is not "the great President" of the administration organs; their common talk of renominating him for another term was ill-advised; and the warnings of his spokesmen here that Mr. Butler's defeat would mean that Mr. Coolidge would not be the Republican candidate in 1928 were warranted. Indeed, were Mr. Coolidge as important a man as Mr. Roosevelt, which he is not, having filled out Mr. Harding's unexpired term and then an entire independent term, the effort for another term would have been most unfitting. He should at least be as modest as Mr. Roosevelt, whose forte certainly was not humility.

Reelections of our Presidents should not be made fashionable. It does not help to good administration. There are sometimes presidents so great and exigencies so grave as to justify departure from the rule. But Mr. Coolidge is not a Jefferson or a Lincoln, not even a Roosevelt or a Wilson; he is intellectually little superior to William McKinley, who certainly was not a great man.

The present exigency moreover is one which demands a change in the situation, not its continuance. The era is emphatically an international era; and Mr. Coolidge, thoughtful and informed as he certainly is, has not the international mind in the sense that Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover have it, or that John W. Davis and Newton D. Baker have it. His lamentable abandonment, in his speech at Kansas City on Armistice Day, of his effort for our entrance into the World Court illustrates his lack both of courage and of sagacity. It is a serious question whether Mr. Coolidge cares enough for any great political principle to risk defeat or damage for it; he has not given evidence of such devotion. He does not care so much for the World Court as Mr: Harding did. Mr. Harding did care. He crusaded for the Court before the Senate itself and before the people; and in his last address, at San Francisco, he said: "The big thing is the firm establishment of the Court and our cordial adherence thereto; all else is mere detail." All that Mr. Coolidge now concerns himself with is the "all else." In piety toward Mr. Harding and his qualities, in his first message to Congress he commended the Court proposal before the Senate as "the only practicable plan." He secured its unanimous adoption by the Cleveland Convention in 1924, and continued more or less perfunctorily to express his approval. Once he went so far as to say: "Any material change which would not probably receive the consent of many other nations would be impracticable. We cannot take a step in advance of this kind without assuming certain obligations. If we receive anything, we must surrender something. We can accomplish nothing by taking a doubtful or ambiguous course. We are not going to be able to avoid meeting the world and bearing our parts of the burdens of the world. We must meet those burdens and overcome them, or they will meet and overcome us. I desire my country to meet them without evasion and without fear."

This was at a time when he was receiving much praise as the great protagonist of the World Court. But the fogs of doubt and criticism thickened at Washington; and at last he was inveigled into adding to the four Harding-Hughes reservations, which were sensible enough and which all the nations would have accepted, a finical fifth reservation, foolish and good for nothing one way or another, scenting contingencies which would never arise, involving fine technical points over which the legal mind likes to quibble, and sure to block our way, which was doubtless what the intriguers wanted. The President should never have permitted himself to become their sponsor. The result is what anybody might have foreseen; and the President himself is responsible for keeping us out of the Court. One ounce of conviction, resolution and Rooseveltian dash in 1925, on the wave of his immense majority and popularity, would have enabled him to do anything he pleased in the matter, and placed us in the Court with the world's gratitude, to the honor and glory of the nation and of himself. Facing the dilemma of his own creation, he took at Kansas City the lofty "Take it or leave it" attitude, and exclaimed, "I do not intend to ask the Senate to modify its action." It was the fustian fortitude of a man, who had a great opportunity and duty and was not equal to them. As Bismarck said of Salisbury, he was "lath painted to look like iron." Judging the future by the past, he would never be equal to any real great emergency. We may hope that none confront us within the next two years; but they are never predictable. The whole conscience of the country was behind him in 1925; his party's subservience was complete; and with the devotion which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson put into their causes he could have changed the course of history. They followed the line of their causes; he follows the line of least resistance. It was in the Wilson and Roosevelt manner that Dr. Conrad of Park Street Church exclaimed concerning the World Court, at the great Peace meeting in Boston on Armistice Day, "I would throw the proposed reservations to the winds and join that body, which I believe is the greatest medium for promoting international good will."

Mr. Coolidge divined that World Court talk is not so fashionable this year as last. The "boys" will hurrah through 1927; but men will not hurrah in 1928. "Mighty good so far as it goes," said the jovial Borah in Washington. "Fortunately for the country," said Moses, "the President seems a sterling American." But the great Church Peace Congress at Pittsburgh, the men who have so faithfully supported the President in all good things, was filled with chagrin and dismay, and created a committee to go to Washington to urge the President to reconsider. He is not that kind. He has counted the cost; but he will learn that even the most votes do not lie that way. The alienation of the churches and colleges of the country is a sacrifice for which the plaudits of Borah and Moses and captains of the Legion are a sorry compensation.

Europe, the dispatches say, "is saddened." The Paris press remarks that the Washington administration policy has not been modified by the results of the election. "The speech," says the London Times, "must virtually destroy the expectations confidently held out a few months ago that the United States would adhere to the Court. It is a symptom of the wide divergence of outlook which still separates the New World from the Old." The Daily News, more hopeful, is convinced that the United States "will be impelled before many years have passed not only to join directly in the work of the League of Nations, but to concern herself actively in the affairs of Europe, for the American people are building up great economic interests here which will make permanent isolation impossible."

Yet President Coolidge, in the midst of his Armistice Day address, indulged in the old rhetoric about the one increasing purpose and all the forces of the past converging in the spirit of America, that our country "may forever hold aloft the glowing hope of progress and peace to all humanity." In seeming unconsciousness of the irony of the contrast of his rhetoric with his counsel, he exclaimed, "If the American spirit fails, what hope has the world?" Which American spirit? Certainly not the spirit which keeps us from cooperation with the other members of the great family of nations in organizing a lawful and fraternal world. There are many American spirits. There is no person named the United States. "To President Wilson," said Dr. Richard Cabot at the Old South meeting on Armistice Day, "and not to the United States, should be given the praise for the plan for the League of Nations. Whenever good

The Field

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

ALL ABOARD FOR 100% AMERICAN ARBITRATION

It is the opinion apparently of most of the active peace forces of the United States that the present hour calls for a revival of the old American ideal of arbitration of international disputes as practiced by the United States repeatedly during the nineteenth century, particularly with Great Britain and Spain, and preached more recently rather than practiced. Many of the large peace organizations have issued declarations of policy clearly indicating their purpose to advocate arbitration as the straightest road to peace. Treaties providing for the obligatory adjudication or other peaceful settlement of all disputes, not excepting those "involving vital interests or national honor," when negotiated by the American Government can and should be phrased in such a way as to declare war to be illegal and, as in the case of the justly famous arbitration treaties signed at Locarno, solemnly to engage the "high contracting parties" never to go to war or to commit any acts of war against each other. Provision would be simultaneously made for the reference of all disputes which are not justiciable or (subject to determination of clearly established principles and processes of law) to suitable boards of conciliation such as those envisaged by the Bryan treaties of 1913 which have now largely expired.

The *Arbitrator* has found upon a little inquiry a surprising amount of opinion favorable to its plan for a concerted all-American campaign for the negotiation of such treaties. It will be remembered that the conference of Peace Organizations held in Washington last May recognized arbitration to be a cause in which all could unite because it in no way impeded, and in many ways strengthened, the particular program of each organization. This conference included representatives of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Fellowship of Youth for Peace, Women's International League, Peace Committee of Friends, War Resisters' League and others.

In a program of action for peace entitled "A Basis of Unity for American Participation in International Cooperation for World Peace" drawn up at a representative conference held last June in Chicago, the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches placed arbitration next to Outlawry and endorsement of the World Court in the following words: "We rejoice in the rapid extension of arbitration agreements and allied forms of peaceful settlement among European countries. We call attention to the extent and importance of this movement by which more than one nation has agreed to submit every possible case of international dispute to its appropriate tribunal, not even reserving questions of national honor and vital interest. We would urge the Government of the United States to participate in this movement to the end that it may resume its place among the leaders in this important field of war prevention."

Dr. Frederick Lynch, Educational Secretary of the Church Peace Union, writes to us as follows: "I will talk with my colleagues about what we can do to co-operate with you and other organizations in this endeavor. As you know, I am heartily in favor of making arbitration one of the immediate and chief items of each peace program. I should think that the Outlawry of War Groups throughout the country would also favor it because there is perhaps no more practical step looking toward the outlawry of war than this. In essence, it practically does outlaw war, if all the nations sign such treaties."

In a forthcoming pamphlet to be sent to 10,000 church men by Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, in the name of his division of the Federal Council of Churches for Armistice Day, arbitration is placed first among "Eight Fundamental Principles in a National Policy for Justice, Security and Peace." He says, "In harmony with its historic ideals and policies, the United States should seek the peaceful settlement of all disputes in which it may become involved and, as a means to this end, should not only enter into treaties of complete arbitration with as many other nations as will join in such action, but make new endeavors to secure a general treaty of arbitration between all principal nations."

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leadership comes again we may do our share towards keeping the peace which is now being kept without our help."

President Coolidge's course as to the World Court has turned out to be precisely the same as his course about the League of Nations. He started out as a believer in the League. When Mr. Crane had his conflict with Mr. Lodge in the Massachusetts Republican Convention for a resolution favorable to the League, Mr. Coolidge supported him. When Root, Taft, Hughes, Hoover, and the other great Republican leaders, in the election of 1920, issued their manifesto urging our entrance into the League, Mr. Coolidge supported them. When Mr. Harding after the election interpreted this great majority as a popular condemnation of our entrance into the League, Mr. Coolidge said it meant nothing of the sort. But as it became fashionable for other Republicans to interpret it that way, Mr. Coolidge gradually grew silent, then unfriendly, till finally, in a tight political exigency, he pronounced the issue of the League "a closed incident," just as he now views the issue of the World Court. No other living man is so reprehensible as he for checking American devotion to the League of Nations. To his mind perhaps it was "a closed incident"; it is not hard to close a mind not very wide open. He will learn, in what old Carlyle would call "a terrible *aposteriori* manner," that it is a terribly open issue, with the struggle on the part of the outraged conscience and enlightenment of America just begun, to know no halt until the prophetic Republic of Jefferson and Franklin and Ladd, of Sumner and Emerson and Wilson, the great peace pioneer among the nations, takes its rightful place of brotherhood and service and leadership in the needy and aspiring family of nations. There are those who believe that the time of the great advance is now.

The true concern of the country now is not with new candidates, but with a new program and a new mind. There are good leaders in both parties, if the followers desire right leadership. A nation with four such possible presidents as Charles E. Hughes, Herbert C. Hoover, John W. Davis and Newton D. Baker is not poor. With a right spirit, neither party is incompetent to control. The Republican fashion of assuming that that party has a monopoly of administrative capacity is nonsense. Never in Washington, or in the world, was there exhibited greater executive power than that which, under the direction of President Wilson and Mr. Baker as his secretary of war, raised and equipped our great army in 1917, and over an ocean infested with submarines transferred two million men to France without the loss of a single man.

Not to go outside of the one state of Virginia, Senator Swanson would make as good a Secretary of State as Mr. Kellogg, and Senator Glass as good a Secretary of the Treasury as Mr. Mellon. Franklin D. Roosevelt would make a better secretary either of war or the navy than Mr. Davis or Mr. Wilbur.

In the nomination of President, as concerns the Democrats, we shall see no repetition in 1928 of the Madison Square menagerie. The reappearance of Mr. McAdoo would of course be a farce; and in these two years the country will see that Gov. Smith, with all his sturdy human qualities and his marked achievements at Albany, has not the gifts or the background demanded in the president of the United States. If the feeling persists that Mr. Davis, with his ability and training, his manifest breadth and depth, which would make him so good a President, has not the popular appeal which makes the best candidate, Mr. Baker, the one man who, by his impassioned plea for the League of Nations, emerged from the New York convention with enhanced fame, seems to meet all demands, in his solidity and sobriety, his popular sympathies and fervor, his large and varied administrative experience, the resoluteness, the clear discernment, and the disciplined mind, with the significant added commendation that he was President Wilson's trusted right-hand man. His recent volume of lectures on the Constitution refreshingly attests anew his penetration as a political thinker; and Mr. Walsh has impressively shown in Massachusetts that eloquence is still an asset in a political leader.

A presidential campaign in which the rival candidates were Charles E. Hughes and Newton D. Baker would be an inspiring witness that the era of suffocation was ending and the windows were opened again; and whichever won, the victory would be greeted by millions of earnest men and women in both parties alike with gratitude and joy.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

The *Arbitrator* notes with great satisfaction that the Women's International League at its last international conference in Dublin adopted the following admirable resolution which serves as a compass pointing to the pole of Peace for the activities of the American section of that organization this year:

"1. Conciliation and arbitration.

This Congress, realizing that so long as war is regarded as under any circumstances a legal or admissible method of settling international disputes, it will be impossible to establish that sense of security under which alone nations will be ready to disarm.

Urges National Sections to press upon their respective governments the necessity of the following steps:

1. To undertake to submit all disputes which are incapable of settlement by direct negotiations, to conciliation or arbitration by a third party.
2. To offer an all-in-arbitration treaty to any nation ready to sign it.
3. To sign the optional clause of the statute setting up the Permanent Court of Justice.

And the Congress further recommends that National sections shall everywhere undertake a campaign of education and propaganda for arbitration and shall unite in urging that immediate steps be taken to hasten the development of a system of International Law."

We are glad also to learn that our colleagues in Boston, Henry W. Pinkham, and his Association for the Abolition of War, have already published and distributed an appeal for the negotiation of all-inclusive arbitration treaties.

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

(To be continued)

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